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For The Child's Paper.

#### THE COVENANTERS' MARRIAGE.

Who were the COVENANTERS? About two hundred years ago, Charles the Second was king of England; and he did many things which a wise king would not have done. One of these was, to try to rule the church as he did the state. He forgot that the Lord Jesus Christ is king of his own people, and that he has given laws to govern them in religious matters. The Scots did not like the king's interference. They begged Charles to allow them freedom to worship God in the good old ways of their pious fathers. He would not listen to their petitions, but sent men to Scotland to force them to mind him. At last the people came together in Edinburgh, and made a *covenant* with each other to stand by their Bible faith. Those who subscribed to it were called *Covenanters*.

The king was very angry, and they were treated with great severity. Soldiers were sent into Scotland to hunt them down and force them to give up; a great many were murdered, and many left the country, while those who remained hid them-

selves in dens and forests. People were forbidden to harbor a Covenanter. One of these poor Christians, who was sick, was taken in by a kind widow. He died in her house. When this was known, the wicked magistrate robbed her of her furniture, ordered her house to be pulled down, and leaving her and the youngest children to wander in the fields, dragged her eldest son Andrew before the colonel of a regiment who was distinguished for acts of cruelty. Guns were loaded, and the boy was told to pull his cap over his face. He refused, and stood with his Bible in his hands, bravely looking his murderers in the face. "I have done nothing to be ashamed of," he said; "but how will you look on that day when you will be judged by what is written in this book?" They instantly shot him, and he fell dead at their feet.

Meetings were held in out of the way places—in the woods, among the rocks, or on the mountain side. Here too their marriages were performed. One is in a valley, hedged round by hills, a lonesome spot. Many of the company live in turf huts, or heather-roofed cabins nestling in the

crag. The minister has his own hiding-place, and the elders their humble shealings on the moor. Can the wicked soldiers find this little party as the wolves scent their prey? Hark. Look! See in the distance a band of horsemen galloping over the hills. Have they got track of the wedding? I fear they have. Yes, yes; and before night the poor young husband and his wife were dead on the green before their own door, murdered by the ruffians.

And what did these poor persecuted people of God say? "Cleave to the truth, and cleave to each other, and as sure as God lives ye shall yet see glorious days in Scotland. Blessed word of God. Welcome death. Welcome gallows for Christ's sake. Welcome angels; welcome heaven! There shall I rest through all the ages of eternity."

How should the steadfastness of God's people in the teeth of such persecutions, spur us on to stand by the right in these days. God does not call us now to *die* for his truth's sake; but he expects us to *live* for it—to make it the man of our counsel, and the guide of all our daily actions.





For The Child's Paper.

The various species of woodpeckers and jays make their nests by digging a hole in the side of a tree two or three inches, then down five or six inches deep, and perhaps four inches broad. This makes a snug, dry, and very comfortable apartment. Here the eggs are deposited and the young ones are nourished by the fond parents.

The bird generally selects an old dead tree, partly rotten, in which to excavate its dwelling; but when we reflect that it has no tool to work with but its bill, instead of auger and chisel, and no mallet to drive it into the wood but the muscular power contained in its neck and head, is it not wonderful that it can accomplish such a work—a work surpassing the proudest productions of human art, when we take into consideration the means employed in its execution? Where can a bird derive skill to design, and strength and perseverance to perform such a task, but from the great and all-wise Creator of all things?

There was for several summers a nest of yellow jays in a dead branch of an old elm-tree which stood alone in an open field. I have often watched the old bird when she came home with food for her little family. Nothing could exceed the pleasure of the young brood, manifested by long and joyous chirping, as they sprang up to the door to receive the food from the mother; and as soon as it was distributed, the faithful parent, on expanded wing, set out on another excursion to obtain a fresh supply. The nest was up so high that it was out of the reach of bad boys; but what boy possessing any right feelings would wish to rob or injure such innocent, harmless creatures, formed by the great Creator to cheer us by their beauty and sweet songs?

H. H.

For The Child's Paper.

#### A LOVELY MAY-FLOWER.

Maying, Maying! Who is going Maying? The children are. They mean to pick flowers, hunt for black-birch, choose a May-queen, and enjoy the green turf, Oh, so much, they say.

But May-day came; and what did Julie's ears hear as soon as they waked up? Rain, rain, rain, pattering on the eaves and the window-panes. And what did her eyes see when they waked up? Rain-clouds piled up thick in the sky. How did the child feel? No May party that day. And did she bear her disappointment like a brave, cheerful child, as she ought to be?

"It's always just so when I want to go anywhere," she said, speaking to her pillow, for nobody else was in the room; "my pleasure is *always* spoilt just so;" and she jumped out of bed with a face quite as cloudy as the sky. At breakfast she met her parents with a sour, complaining tone, just as if they had brought the rain on purpose to tease and vex her; and all through breakfast she made the family as uncomfortable as gloomy looks could make them. "She wanted to get some flowers," she said, "and the rain she knew would beat them all to pieces. It was always just so when *she* wanted anything."

"There is a flower in the house I wish Julie would go Maying for," said her father. The child

looked up to her father. "We've no house flowers, sir," she said; "that's the very reason I want to go into the woods to gather some. I do want some flowers."

"So do I," answered her father; "but there is one I particularly want; it has bright colors and the sweetest smell, and sometimes it almost sparkles with beauty: it is a favorite flower of mine." "What is it?" asked Julia, becoming quite interested; "is it a May or a house flower?" "Both," said her father; "it grows out-doors and in. We prize it more perhaps in-doors, it sheds such a pleasing sweetness through the room."

"Why, what is it, father?" asked the child.

"Will you gather me a sprig, and bring it to me when I come home to dinner?"

"Why, father, it rains," cried the child; "I can't go out. What is the name of the flower?"

"It is the flower of Good-Temper," said the father; "I am sure it grows in this house."

Julie instantly felt her father's reproof. She saw in a moment her foolish and wicked spirit, so ready to quarrel with God for sending his beautiful and bounteous rain, just as if he did not know the right time to water his fields; and so willing to poison the air of family love with sour complaints and sulky looks. Julie ran out of the room and hid herself up stairs.

Do you think she found the sprig her father wanted at dinner-time? Oh, yes. As soon as he came in, she put into his arms a great bunch of Good-Humor, for she put her own little self there. "It is the sweetest May-flower we could have," said the parents. Then how happy they all were.

For The Child's Paper.

#### "I SHALL SOON SEE HIM."

Among the little boys attending a Sabbath-school which I occasionally visited, there was one named John F—, in whom his teacher felt a strong interest. He was about nine years of age, and having received some injury to his hip-joint by a fall in his infancy, he had little use of one of his limbs, and required the support of a crutch in walking.

His eye was soft, his countenance contemplative, his temper placid, his anxiety about his lessons unvarying, and his attention to instruction unbroken; indeed, his whole behavior made him a favorite with every body in the school: other boys might quarrel with one another, but all were kind to him.

His teacher early perceived in him a peculiar tenderness of feeling. When in his lessons he repeated the name of Jesus, his voice faltered, and he had to pause ere he could proceed. On more than one occasion, it was observed that when the love of Christ was spoken of to the class, his eyes filled with tears, and he could never read of the sufferings of the Redeemer without weeping.

For nearly a year he attended school regularly, always prepared with his lessons, and he surpassed all his school-mates in the amount of Scripture he committed to memory, and in his accurate acquaintance with the life, miracles, and teachings of the Saviour; but his weakness increased, and his attendance became irregular.

Whenever he was missed from school, his teacher made a point of calling at his house, and generally found him either reading his Bible, or some of the tracts with which he was regularly supplied. He was literally living on words of truth, and his growth in knowledge was more and more apparent. The goodness of God and the love of Christ were present to his mind; and out of the fulness of his heart his lips spoke.

Over him in his weakness his mother watched, as only a mother can watch. She was a Christian, and her dear boy's love to Jesus, while it delighted her soul, yet rendered the prospect of his being taken soon away the more trying. She was a widow; her husband had been dead some years, and she had toiled to support her two children, John and a brother younger.

At his late visits, the teacher found his pupil's weakness more and more painfully visible; but he was the same composed boy, the same happy Christian. "Well, John," he said, on one of his last visits, "you seem to be much worse since I saw you last." "Yes, sir, I am; I am dying, I

know." "Are you afraid to die?" "Oh no, I am not afraid, for I shall go to Jesus." "I know you have long loved Jesus; but do you think Jesus loves you?" "Yes, sir, I am sure he loves me. He says in the Bible, 'I love them that love me, and they that seek me early shall find me.'"

When his dying hour drew nigh, his mother said, "God will soon take you from me, Johnny." "Yes, mother, but you will come to me; and little Tommy, he must come also. Tell him, after I am dead, that I said so." He paused a while, and then added, "I wish I could take you both with me to Jesus."

To his teacher he said, "My sweet Jesus, my sweet Jesus! Oh, sir, tell all the scholars to love him." In bidding him farewell, he said, with a strange smile, "I shall soon see Him." His last words were, "Mother—Tommy—come." Children, do you love Jesus as he did? g.

#### THE BIBLE AND FRENCH VILLAGER.

"That is the book they call the Bible," said a poor French villager, "and of which I have heard so much;" then going to the middle of the street, she called all her neighbors with a loud voice, and they came running to her. "There is the Bible," she exclaimed, holding the volume high above their heads. "In that is found all that God would tell us about himself, about ourselves, about heaven, about earth. Let us all buy it; let us all read it; let us all believe it, and we shall be saved."

"And what will the priest say?" asked a woman. "If he says what God says in this book, we will listen to him; if he says otherwise, we will do without him." "Amen," said all the women; and they went to the colporteur to buy more copies.

#### THE CHILD'S PAPER.

Three children in a family in Washington City contribute one cent every Sabbath to give The Child's Paper to destitute children, and a colored servant-girl has claimed the privilege to join them. On the first day of January, they had one dollar and twenty cents, to supply twelve families; and the eldest daughter had also obtained thirteen subscribers, so that they ordered twenty-five copies, twelve of which are circulated gratuitously.

A pastor in Oneida county, New York, writes, "We have reason to believe that your most excellent Child's Paper, through the blessing of the Holy Spirit, was one of the effectual instrumentalities that led our dear little Mary C— to an experimental knowledge of the truth and to the Saviour."



For The Child's Paper

#### SPRING.

Green is creeping up the hill-sides. Grass is carpeting the meadows; buds are swelling, birds are singing, lambs are frisking, frogs are croaking, cows are lowing, men are plowing. Where are the children? Playing, shouting, leaping, rejoicing in the out-door freedom of spring. Everything has fairly waked from the long cold sleep of winter, and is up and doing.

There is a great deal which we see doing, but there is much more doing which we do not see. Go out into the old orchard and the forest beyond; you see no bustle, you hear no noise, but a great work is going on there. The roots of a hundred trees are pumping up the juices of the earth; up



every trunk the sap is climbing, laying down new tracks as it goes: it shoots into every limb; it stretches into every twig: it makes bark, manufactures leaves; it turns out buds; it paints blossoms: and the sap knows just *where* to put a blossom, and where to hang a leaf; it knows just *how* to make a leaf, and how a blossom, and how in the bosom of that little blossom to lay an infant apple, to be nursed for harvest-time. How do you suppose the sap knows all this?

That man ploughs his field. In one part he sows wheat; in another, Indian corn; in another, squashes; in another, beans. The seeds sink into the dark earth. Is that the last of them? No. In a few days, through a thousand openings, the life that was in those dead seeds is springing up into new and beautiful forms. The form has no likeness to the seed; but as soon as it appears we know what it is. Here is a blade of corn; there a sturdy squash shoot; and there the modest beans are unfolding their leaves. Is there no danger of a mistake? May not corn bear squashes? May not the squashes and beans grow on each other's vines? The juices which nourish them come from the same soil, and are fed by the same sun, air, and rain. How do they know which is which—just where to hang a bean-pod, and where to round a squash? There must have been rules to go by, for every thing is done so exactly, so skillfully, so beautifully, and so certainly, that it is wonderful, if you only think of it.

"Because it is all ordered so," somebody says. Yes, so it is. And this brings us to the Mind which gave laws to dead matter, the great Creator God, who in this way makes himself known to his creatures, by acting himself out in his works. Gen. 1:11, 12. This is one way of learning about him. And the labor which he is carrying on in your orchard and field and forest, he is doing in hundreds and thousands of orchards and fields and forests all over the earth. He is shaping millions of delicate leaves, painting millions of opening flowers, preparing the fruits of countless harvests; and with what power, what industry, what taste, is the whole work done!

We are too apt to think of God as afar off. But he is really very near. Not up in the sky only, but here in this world; not on his great white throne only, but directly by your side, and all around. God is a Spirit—*everywhere*. This being everywhere is called omnipresence.

One way of studying his character is to find him in his works. Go out into the garden now, in the spring, and follow up the beginning and perfecting of a cucumber vine, or a corn-stalk, or a dandelion, or a lily, or any of his works, and what a sense of his presence you will have. And so he acts and moves in all our daily paths. You will then feel what Dr. Watts, who loved the trees, and the fields, and the birds, and all nature, for the sake of nature's God, wrote in one of his hymns:

"Within thy circling power I stand;  
On every side I find thy hand;  
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,  
I am surrounded still with God."

For The Child's Paper.

#### THE LIFE-CAR.

See that noble ship. She crossed the Atlantic with her precious cargo in safety. The merchants in New York were daily expecting her in port. The crew thought the worst of the voyage was over. Her passengers felt very near home, and talked briskly of seeing their fathers and mothers, their wives and children. "To-morrow we shall go up the Narrows," said the captain.

But away in the far chambers of the east a storm is brewing. Dark clouds begin to fill the sky; the winds arise; the rain falls in torrents, and the waters are covered with angry waves. All night the storm increases; all night the ship is battered by the tempest. At last she strikes on the Jersey coast. A terrible sea staves in her bulwarks; her

masts are shivered; her rudder is torn off; her life-boats are wrenched from their moorings. The brave old ship has battled many a tempest, but never one like this. The cracking and straining of her huge timbers are like the groans of a dying giant.

The morning light breaks on this awful scene, and the captain finds a terrible sea foaming and dashing between them and the land. The crew are doing their utmost; but it is little they can do now. Their noble ship, once so obedient to her helm, once so strong and beautiful, with her stately spars and snowy sails, is now a poor, frail, unmanageable hulk. The passengers are pale with terror. Death stares them in the face. The ocean is ready to swallow them up. Must they perish—perish in sight of land—perish so near home? They strain their eyes to catch a sight of the green hills. They stretch out their hands, and cry, "Save us, O Lord, or we perish." The land, the land! What would they not give to reach it? The rich man would willingly become a beggar to set foot there. Oh, to stand in safety on that distant shore!

Their signals of distress have been heard. Their peril has been descried from the lighthouse. Men flock to the beach. "To the rescue! to the rescue!" is the cry. But no boat can stem those angry waves. The stoutest swimmer cannot breast this fearful sea. Is there no other way of rescue? Moments are precious. The men on shore are hurrying to and fro. A cannon is brought to the



beach, and a ball with a line fastened to it is fired over the ship. The line drops on the deck. The sailors catch and pull it in. It drags a hawser (a large cable) from the shore. A communication is now opened between ship and shore. What next? A life-car is hung from the hawser, by stout chains at its ends. A long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether from the men on the wreck. They work for their lives. The life-car reaches the ship. A shout of joy goes up from her decks.

What is a life-car? some may ask. It is a kind of boat made of copper or iron, and closed by a water-tight door, in which persons, three or four at a time, may be carried from a wrecked vessel to the shore. Do you think, when the life-car reached the sinking ship, that any one said, "I am afraid to trust it; I doubt if it will hold. Perhaps it will drop me in the angry waves?" No, no; the passengers knew their danger too well. It was their only refuge. "I—I will go in the life-car;" and each was anxious to press into this way of escape. The women and children are put in first. The door is shut; it swings on the hawser, and rides over and above the raging sea; it nears the land; it reaches it in safety. Its precious freight is landed on the beach. Safe, safe! safe from the tempest; saved from a watery grave. This little life-car has been an ark of refuge, a hiding from the storm to many a tempest-tost crew and voyager on the dangerous shores of Jersey. In 1850, it safely landed two hundred passengers

from a stranded ship, men, women, and little children.

What a wonderful invention is this life-car; so simple, and yet so great. What escape it offers; what a savior of lives has it been! Ah, yes; and as natural things so often remind us of eternal things, can we help pointing you to Jesus Christ, the life-car of the soul? Your soul is in as much greater danger than this ship's crew, as eternity is of more consequence, than time. The waves of ungodliness are rising around you; the storm of God's displeasure against sin is beating upon you, and hell is ready to engulf you. There is a better land in sight. Can you reach it? Must you perish so near those blessed shores? You cannot cross those raging seas. Oh, no. But a life-car is provided. It comes to your rescue. Jesus Christ offers himself as an ark of refuge to every poor perishing sinner. Will you not trust yourself to him? Will you not commit yourself to the arms of his love, and be carried to the port of eternal safety? "Come unto me," he says, "and I will in no wise cast you out."

For The Child's Paper.

#### A PLACE TO PRAY.

William gave his heart to God, as we believe, while he was yet a boy. From that time he loved to be alone in his own little chamber, and pour out his heart in prayer to his heavenly Father; to confess his sins, and ask forgiveness for Jesus Christ's sake; to ask for strength to resist the temptations he met, and thank God for the blessings he received.

When he was fifteen, he was about to leave home and seek business in the great city. His boarding-place was engaged in a pious family, but he was to room with a lad who was very gay. When the arrangements were all made, and the day of departure fixed, William looked sad. He loved his pleasant home, his kind parents, and his brothers and sisters, and did not like to leave them. But this was not the only reason why he felt sad. "Mother, he said, 'if I room with E—, I don't see where I shall find a place to pray.'" He was going to a scene of new and untried temptations, where more than ever he should need the strength to be obtained by prayer. He was going among strangers, where he would often feel lonely and desolate. How could he do without his Saviour's presence.

In a letter to his father, written soon after reaching his new home, he says,

"Tell mother I have found that when there is a heart to pray, there can always be found a place to pray."

Dear children, do you want a place to pray? Through all the long night, when every body is asleep, your heavenly Father watches over you; he keeps your pulse beating, and wakes you in the morning to the pleasures of a new day. Will you get up and rush thoughtlessly out to your work, or your study, or your play, without stopping to thank God for his kind care of you? The day that is before you may bring trials, disappointments, and temptations. Would you not ask God to take care of you in danger—to help you to do right when you are tempted to do wrong? Surely *in the morning you need a place to pray.*

And at night, if you look back upon the day, you will see that you have not done all your duty. Perhaps you have been disobedient to your parents, or unkind to your companions. Perhaps you have forgotten your sins; but God remembers every one of them. If you repent of them, and forsake them, he will forgive you for Jesus Christ's sake; but if you forget them, and do not ask God to forgive you, you will lie down to sleep under his frown. Surely *at night you need a place to pray.*

LUTHER used to say that *one verse* of the Psalms was enough for a day's study; and that he who at the end of the day found himself fully possessed of its meaning and spirit, might call his time well spent.





## SPRINGTIDE.

"How beautiful upon the hills"

Thy footsteps fall, where sweet flowers spring;  
Thy hand unlocks the chained rills,  
Which to the flood their tribute bring;  
And nature, in her morning dress,  
Seems clad in maiden loveliness.

Thy breath is in the spicy gale,  
Thy tear is in the evening dew;  
Warmed by thy smile, the sunbeams pale  
Mantle the flowers with rosier hue;  
Sweet odors from the glad earth rise,  
And bear her incense to the skies.

The Jews of old to Zion came,  
Their "first-fruits" at her shrine to lay;  
Doth not our God like homage claim?  
Have we no sacrifice to pay?  
Yes, Saviour, to thy feet we bring  
Our life's "first-fruits," its living spring.

## THE CHILDREN'S SONG.

Joyfully, joyfully, onward we move,  
Bound to the land of bright spirits above;  
Jesus our Saviour in mercy says, "Come;  
Joyfully, joyfully haste to your home."  
Soon will our pilgrimage end here below:  
Soon to the presence of God we shall go;  
Then if to Jesus our hearts have been given,  
Joyfully, joyfully rest we in heaven.

Teachers and scholars have passed on before;  
Waiting, they watch us approaching the shore,  
Singing to cheer us, and bidding us, "Come,  
Joyfully, joyfully haste to your home."  
Sounds of sweet music there ravish the ear;  
Harps of the blessed, your strains we shall hear,  
Filling with harmony heaven's high dome;  
Joyfully, joyfully, Jesus, we come.

Death with his arrow may soon lay us low;  
Safe in our Saviour, we fear not the blow.  
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb:  
Joyfully, joyfully will we go home.  
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn;  
Death shall be conquered, his sceptre be gone,  
Over the plains of sweet Canaan we'll roam,  
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

For The Child's Paper.

## CHILDREN IN ST. PAUL'S, LONDON.

Ancient records show that as early as the sixth century, or thirteen hundred years ago, there stood on the present site of St. Paul's cathedral, in London, a temple for the worship of the true God. For some centuries it was used by Roman-catholics; but the great Reformation produced a change, and as early as 1541, six Bibles were chained in different parts of the building, to which the people used to resort to hear the blessed word of God read to them.

In 1666, the vast building was consumed, in what is known in history as the great fire in London. It was thirty-one years before the new building was prepared for divine worship, and forty-four years before it was entirely completed, that is, in 1710. Its entire length from east to west is five hundred feet, its breadth about two hundred and fourteen feet, and the height from the pavement of the church to the top of the cross over the dome, is three hundred and fifty-six feet.

We should be glad, if our space would allow, to give our young friends an account of the splendid ceiling of this grand building, its whispering gallery, its painting and gilding, and the monu-

ments of great men which nearly cover its walls; but our attention is now turned to the thousands of children who often assemble within its vast area.

In the year 1710, a number of gentlemen in London established the "Society of Patrons of Charity-schools," for the support of schools for poor children. On the first Thursday of June, in every year, the children of these schools are collected together in the vast body of this building, in which temporary galleries are erected for their accommodation, and a sermon is preached. The service is always commenced by the children singing the one hundredth Psalm, to the tune "Old Hundred;" and such is the impressive character of this part of the service, that it is said the great composer and singer Handel fainted when he heard it. The late excellent Dr. Milnor of New York, who labored so faithfully for Sunday-schools and the Bible and Tract societies, attended this service in 1830, and regarded it as one of the most interesting scenes he witnessed in his visit to Europe.

"There were in attendance," he says, "about six thousand children, and every part of the church from which any view could be had, was crowded with spectators. The spectacle was most imposing. The children were ranged in seats elevated one above another around the circumference of the pavement under the grand dome, and clothed in dresses of various forms and colors, according to the costume used in the several schools. The girls were all in close caps, some plain, others ornamented with bows of ribbons. The boys were in new clothes, of many fashions; and some of them looked awkward enough in their long broad-backed coats and short breeches, the latter of which I observed, in one of the schools, to be of leather. The cloth and the cut are, in most of the schools, what they were at their first institution."

How many of the thousands who have attended these meetings, for almost one hundred and fifty years, are now in their graves; and how many and great changes are coming to those who attend them now, and to us also. Let us entreat you now to worship God in his own house, and in your closets, praying that he will prepare you for the duties of life and for the solemn change of death.

J. B.

For The Child's Paper.

## THE BRIDLE.

"Don't go without a bridle, boys," was my grandfather's favorite bit of advice.

Do you suppose we were all teamsters or horse jockeys? No such thing.

If he heard one cursing and swearing, or given to much vain and foolish talk, "That man has lost his bridle," he would say. Without a bridle, the tongue, though a little member, "boasteth great things." It is "an unruly evil, full of deadly poison." Put a bridle on, and it is one of the best servants the body and soul have. "I will keep my mouth with a bridle," said king David, and we can't do better than follow his example.

When my grandfather saw a man drinking and carousing, or a boy spending all his money for cakes and candy, "Poor fellow," he would say, "he's left off his bridle." The appetite needs reining; let it loose, and it will run you to gluttony, drunkenness, and all sorts of disorders. Be sure and keep a bridle on your appetite; don't let it be master. And don't neglect to have one for your passions. They go mad if they get unmanageable, driving you down a blind and headlong course to ruin. Keep the check-rein tight; don't let it slip; hold it steady. Never go out without your bridle, boys.

That was the bridle my grandfather meant, the bridle of self-government. Parents try to restrain and check their children, and you can generally tell by their behavior what children have such wise and faithful parents. But parents cannot do every thing. And some children have no parents to care for them. Every boy must have his own bridle, and every girl must have hers; they must learn to check and govern themselves. Self-government is the most difficult and the most important government in the world. It becomes easier every day, if you practise it with a steady and

resolute will. It is the foundation of excellence. It is the cutting and pruning which make the noble and vigorous tree of character.

For The Child's Paper.

## RESPECT TO THE AGED.

During the deep snow of the last winter, a venerable man of more than fourscore years was taking his accustomed walk along a country road, when he met a sled and oxen. Their driver ran forward to the head of his oxen, and turned the whole team into the snow, so as to allow "the squire" to pass in the beaten path.

How many of the many thousands who read The Child's Paper are careful to "rise up before the hoary head, and honor the face of the old man?"

## "FOOLS MAKE A MOCK AT SIN."

We should never laugh at wicked things. If any one says a witty thing in our hearing, we may innocently laugh; but if it be wicked wit, and only ridicules what is good, or be expressed in wicked language, none but fools join in the laugh. Those who love God, if they cannot reprove the sinner, will shudder and turn away, and pray God to forgive him for Christ's sake.

"He that WINKETH WITH HIS EYE causeth sorrow." Prov. 10:10. How can that be? Is there any harm then in winking with the eye? Not always; but the expression means something sly; and here it signifies that the wicked go to work in a sly manner to ruin those who keep company with them; and wink one to another while they plot their ruin, and try to make others as vile as themselves.

DAHLIA-ROOT IN A MUMMY.—Lord Lindsay, an English gentleman, when on a visit to the pyramids of Egypt, stumbled on a mummy whose coffin bore the date of 2,000 years ago. After taking off the linen which was wrapped around it, he found in one of its hands a little bulbous root. "Can there be life in this root?" he asked. "I will see." He took it from the mummy's hand, carried it home, planted it in a sunny soil, allowed the rains and dews of heaven to descend upon it; in the course of a few weeks, to his surprise and joy, the root burst forth and it blossomed into a beautiful dahlia. What a wonderful thing is life in all its forms.

KEEP the Sabbath holy, and the Sabbath will keep you holy.

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